

## Despair and Hope--Prologue

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Summary: This is a continuing story of Rose Dawson's life that begins on the lifeboat Rose is rescued on.

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### Despair and Hope--Prologue

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This is the first part of a continuing story of Rose Dawson's life after the sinking of the Titanic.

Visit my homepage for Despair and Hope:

<http://members.xoom.com/JadeSabre/despair.html>

Disclaimer: I don't own Titanic--neither the ship nor the movie. The movie belongs to James Cameron, as do the characters Jack Dawson, Rose Dawson/DeWitt Bukater, Caledon Hockley, and Ruth DeWitt Bukater. Most other characters mentioned were real people, so I don't own them any more than Mr. Cameron does.

She drifted in and out of a state of semiconsciousness, only dimly aware of the quiet but intruding whispers around her, and the comforting warmth of the first rays of sunlight, seeping in to chase away the cold darkness of the dreadful night and the memory of her last few painful minutes with Jack. The gentle lolling of the lifeboat was enough to sicken her already weak body, but Rose barely noticed.

As her shocked mind struggled to make sense of the tragedy fate had bestowed her, the bitter thought dimly crossed her mind that it was a slap in the face that the sun should continue to rise and the world should continue to turn, oblivious to the unfair and untimely death of a wonderful person named Jack Dawson, and the pain of her inevitable loneliness at being made to continue living in a world

where she had nothing or no one.

\*Jack, I don't know how to live without you.\* A single tear slid silently down her porcelain cheek. Her eyes were heavy with exhaustion and cold, but she did not feel it. Her body was numb. Her mind was numb. Before the grief took over, she had to stay with Jack. She felt him close--felt him with all her body and spirit as if he were physically with her. He was holding her now. "Jack," she whispered in a strangled cry, that one word--his name--betraying all the emotions walled up inside her with more conviction than a thousand words. She could feel arms wrapped tightly around her trembling body, and his love, emanating from him and enveloping her just as surely as his arms were: warming her, comforting her. \*I'll always be with you, Rose. Never let go.\* She gasped at his voice, which seemed to be coming from inside her own head.

She opened her blurred eyes, but he was gone. No, not gone. Never gone. Idly, she placed her frozen hand over her just as frozen heart. That's where she would keep him--safe in her heart. In the midst of her sorrow, a small smile played on her lips. She touched her lips gently, where the sweet taste of Jack continued to linger. Had it only been a couple of hours ago that they had been so deeply immersed in their newfound passion and love for one another? And it had all been ripped away with the collision of the supposedly "unsinkable" Titanic.

Slowly, the smile faded from her lips. \*When the ship docks, I'm getting off with you.\* Those had been the honest and heart-felt words she had spoken to Jack. But it hadn't turned out that way, had it? All the plans they had made for the future was now a joke. Their plans, their love all amounted to nothing in this world of indiscriminatory death. How cruel to have been freed of her bondage only to have her reason for being freed ripped away from her due to the arrogance of man. Fate, indeed, had been cruel. \*I'll never let go, Jack. I'll never let go.\* Her promise was the only thing she had left to hold onto. But how to keep such a promise to live when all you wanted was to die? Die and be with Jack . . .

\*No.\* She had made a promise to the man she loved on his deathbed. Despite the way she felt at that moment, if she truly loved loved him, she would keep her promise to him. \*I'll never let go. I promise. I love you, Jack Dawson.\*

She felt his answer in her heart, spoken not with words but with his entire soul. \*And I love you, Mrs. Rose Dawson.\*

She felt her lips curling in a smile as tears welled in the corners of her eyes. Yes, that was who she was. Mrs. Rose Dawson. After all, Rose DeWitt Bukater had died on the Titanic. It was time for Rose Dawson to live.

Finally, she truly closed her eyes, inviting the welcoming rays of the early morning sun as the distant image of the Cunard Liner Carpathia appeared on the horizon. Yes, she would inevitably grieve, but after the grief, there would be life.

Continued in Chapter One.

End

file.